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Hollins Student Life (1939 Dec 18)

Hollins College

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Hollins Student Life

VOLUME XII

Z-777

HOLLINS COLLEGE, VA., DECEMBER 18, 1939

NUMBER 7

Merry Christmas

The Night Before . . .

'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the dorm
Every creature was stirring—all was a storm.
The stockings were flung into the suitcases, sans care,
And spirit of tumult pervaded the air.
The freshmen all rested snug in their beds,
While visions of parties danced in their heads;
Roomie, in her net, and I in my combs,
Had just settled in bed for a chat of our homes.
When out in the hall there arose such sweet sounds,
We sat up in bed, and looked all around.
We pulled down the covers, with a wild dash
We're out in the corridor quick as a flash.
There we stood shivering, freezing with cold,
Wishing that we had ne'er been so bold.
When what to our wondering eyes should appear,
But Mr. Talmadge and our choir so dear,
Singing softly down the hall they came
And he nodded and smiled and called them by name.
"First altos, then seconds, your voices raise clear,
Merrily singing in true Christmas cheer.
Now sopranos and chorus
To the highest of notes, sweetly let fall.
Softly, now softly, now fade away all."
As all that is beautiful must have an end,
The carol finished, they forthwith do wend
Their way with a song
To those who have been waiting so long,
And then in a twinkling all was commotion,
Called in psychology, merely emotion.
There was shouting and calling and laughter galore
While belongings were scattered all over the floor.
Exclamations were heard, such as "get off my dress,
Or I will go home looking a mess."
A wide-open suitcase in the center sat
Which held most everything 'cept the cat.
Dresses and shoes all jumbled together,
Hats and gloves—well, I never!
Other things—what? I would rather not say
Were half spilling out of the open tray.
Of studies, not a thought entered our heads
And books to the four winds were carelessly spread,
Classes that day were hardly prepared
And what is more, none greatly cared.
A clang of the gong, a rush of the feet,
Off to the dining room, our breakfast to eat.
Then back to our rooms, a last glance around
Before we left Hollins for some other town.
Roomie and I on the suitcase did jump,
A push, and a shove and we left out a hunk.
All settled in classes, through the windows we peer,
Of being left we were in great fear.
A toot of the taxis, a stroke of the clock
And out of the classrooms we all did flock.
As we wave good-bye, we gaily do call,
A REAL MERRY CHRISTMAS,
HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

Pomes and Stuff

Pome . . . a la McCleskey

So you want to go home?
But think what you'll miss!
No tea house, no Keller,
No bull sessions, such bliss!

What fun will you have
Away from your rut?
You know how it is,
Oh, yeah, and oh, but . . .

No soup and no salad
No convocations till ten,
No chance to recover
Then get IT again.

No, we want to get home
To our Mother and Dad
Who know what to tell us
'Bout the good and how bad!

It's not we aren't happy,
We just need the rest.
For our d . . . study schedules
Are not at their best.

So it's good-bye, dear friends,
May the white of your eyes
Be the beacon to call us
To renew our old ties.

. . . Stuff a la Staff

The editors and staff members take this opportunity to wish students and faculty the very best vacation ever, and to thank you for the cooperation you have given this past fall.

And to the student body we say—let us see more enthusiasm on the Hollins campus with the coming of 1940. Let us resolve to gain as much as we possibly can from this higher education. Let 1940 be a banner year. Let us have more widespread student participation in the numerous campus activities and fewer students participating in all of the activities. Let us see how much we, ourselves, can give to Hollins life before we attempt to evaluate that which we receive from this life.

. . . a la Paul Revere

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the wildest dash of all the year.
'Twas the nineteenth of December, in nineteen-forty
A class at eleven made us feel naughty.

We said to our friends now that we are free,
Let's be getting out of this gymna-zee,
Our taxi's waiting; the quad's alive
With applicants for the twelve-twenty-five.

We finally made it (you always do),
And the Lynchburg dash was successful, too.

As we settled down for the homeward lap,
We were glad to be out of that firetrap!

Phyllis Whitaker as the Madonna Highlights Modern Pageant

SCENE LAID IN 1939

This year the Christmas pageant at Hollins was, for the first time, a modern story. The Madonna appeared to a soldier in the year 1939. The Madonna, Phyllis Whitaker, was illuminated in a way-side shrine, as the soldier knelt to receive her blessing for his disobedience to orders in allowing people to escape over the border of the country. Miss Whitaker was a beautiful and glowing figure as she impersonated the Holy Mother. The qualities considered by Ye Merrie Masquers in the selection of the Madonna are exemplified in Miss Whitaker's character, beauty and grace. As Madonna, she made a perfect vision of those inert qualities and completely fulfilled the anticipation and expectation of the whole school.

The play itself, "The Crossing," written by Lisa Lindsey and Caroline McCleskey, concerned a group of people fleeing out of a modern European country and ready to cross the border, unaware that the pass was guarded. One soldier was left on guard while the others slept, and it was this soldier who, after hearing the people discuss their hardships in the fatherland and their expectations in a new country, struggled with his conscience and allowed them to pass. To this soldier appeared the Madonna because of the deed he had done.

The cast included Rozella Dameron and Sue Wells as two soldiers and Martha Susan Campbell as the one on guard.

Madonna of 1939



PHYLLIS WHITAKER

Caroline McCleskey was leader of the refugees who were: peasant, played by Jo Smith; musician, played by Helen Walsh; Freck Peters was the boy; the scientist was Nancy Campbell; actress, Lucy Fowlkes; girl, Nancy Gresham, and old man, Lucile Culbert. Ye Merrie Masquers and the Play Production Class put on the pageant, under the direction of Miss Blair.

Boxes, Parties, Sleighing Features Old Hollins Xmas

Although times have changed our Hollins Christmas, yet today the same happy spirit and many of the old traditions remain. In the good old days when a girl entered Hollins in the fall and stayed until the school closed in the summer, Christmas Day was the only holiday. Realizing the need for relaxation, the college fathers later relented and granted three or four days holiday. And sometimes even granted petitions (they had them then, too) for an extra day. If she lived more than a half day's journey away (and think how far one could get in a half day then), no girl went home. But don't think that these girls didn't have the same delicious excitement and gorgeous whirl that we, too, think is vital. Instead of shrieking, "One more day till vacation," however, and in place of those excited questions with the train representative as to the best possible time to get that train, Christmas was one large round of parties and hilarious fun on campus.

On Christmas Eve all the girls hiked to Green Ridge to gather greens for decoration. From then the parties began—masquerades, "tacky" parties, Colonial parties—all held in the ballroom on the second floor East. On the eventful morn the Christmas tree in the old gym was truly a wonderful sight to behold. Underneath were presents for the entire community, not elaborate and expensive gifts, but appropriate and funny presents.

But the really big moment came with the arrival of boxes from home—boxes

that would make the better run of our modern boxes blush for shame. In their spacious recesses reclined not a single ham or a single turkey but hams and turkeys and all the trimmings. Many an aching tummy resulted from mammoth parties in every room. But, oh, wasn't it fun?

After a Christmas concert in the evening, attended by many Roanoke visitors, Mr. Cocke gathered all the sleighs and horses from all over the countryside and the whole college went for a glorious ride.

Occasionally a very courageous and devoted brother (brave soul) might stem the dangers and invade a girls' school for the holidays. Otherwise, the only male attendants were those eligible young men, Mr. Cocke and the late Mr. Turner.

By 1901 transportation had so improved that most of the girls spent the holidays at home. It was then that the custom of having the celebration before the holidays began. Today our Christmas activities center around the White Gift service, the pageant, and the "Y" party for the little children of this community. Though time has changed our Hollins celebration in many ways, the spirit of Christmas, and especially a Hollins Christmas, remains. From the friendliness of the children's party, the beauty of the pageant and the quiet of the White Gift service, we all will take home with us a Hollins Christmas heritage to keep in our hearts forever.

Fun, Horrors Too, Welcome Us Back

Here's a grand antidote for those after-the-holiday blues!

The Turner Hall Committee is sponsoring a wonderful movie and a lucky number party right here on the Hollins campus the Saturday night after Christmas vacation. Mischa Auer is the villain in a nice horror picture, *The Monster Walks*, and we promise thrills a-plenty for all. Since this movie only lasts an hour (as Gin Butler said, "Don't Mischa Auer in the Little Theatre!") the entertainment will be continued in Keller. There will be that good old standby, bingo, as well as many other prize-winning games—even six punch-boards. And here's the extra-special nice part, the prizes are to be donated by the Roanoke merchants. These prizes include—well, we will wait until after Christmas to tell you so you will have something to cheer you up. Just remember when you come back in January that there's something nice in store for you.

. . . Something of a Daze

By A. REDFIELD

A few more days, O my, O me,
I wonder where my books can be.
On Tuesday we will take the train
A fog has carried up my brain,
It won't be long now . . . we can play,
I bet we have a "pop" today.
Just couldn't answer question one
Won't New Year's Eve be piles of fun?
I saw a Christmas tree in town;
An oodlie coat, a smoothie gown.
State what Napoleon did for France,
My mind is in a lovely trance.
In class I never felt so dumb;
The new style magazines have come.
Tho Prof. is catching up with me,
Don't let them fool you . . .
They want vacation as much as we do,
If possible!

The Seniors Sing . . .

And now that vacation it be
The Freshmen are all filled with glee,
They shout and they shriek,
They've been packed for a week,
Their excitement is easy to see.

The Sophomores try artful glances,
They wonder just what are their chances,
They ponder and plan
How to get their man,
They must get to those Christmas dances.

Now take the young Junior lass,
She's labored 'neath great strain and stress
But don't be surprised
At circles 'neath eyes
Her family she wants to impress.

We Seniors are shouting hurrahs,
We'll soon see our maws and our paws,
Though we're getting old
We've been good as gold,
For we know there's a Santy Claus.

The Faculty's chances look slim
For stockings that are filled to the brim,
They've given us no rest,
From papers and tests,
We hope Santa will forgive them.

This is the end of our song—
We wish you a Merry Christmas.



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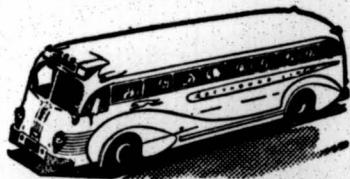
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VISIT OUR FOUNTAINS
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It was



Hit or Miss in Grandfather's Day

When your grandfather

needed tobacco he probably went to the tobacconist in his community and had a lot of fun blending different types of tobacco together and trying out the different mixtures.

HE MAY HAVE FINALLY HIT on a combination of tobaccos that was pretty much to his fancy . . . that tasted all right to him and wasn't too strong. So the tobacconist, with an eye to future business, would make up this private blend and keep some of it on hand for him.

THIS HIT OR MISS METHOD of tobacco blending was never very satisfactory. But it proved one thing to both smokers and manufacturers, that you must have a blend of tobaccos to get better smoking results, because no one tobacco by itself has all the qualities necessary to a good smoke.

THE CHESTERFIELD tobacco buyers select and bid in at the auction sales the tobacco types that best fit the Chesterfield blend, which is the right combination of exactly the right amounts of Maryland, Burley and Bright with just enough Turkish. These tobaccos and the Chesterfield way of blending them make Chesterfield different from any other cigarette.

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